Numb. 210.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From November 30. to December 7. 1732.

---- Dum loquimur, fugerit invida Æſtas. ---- Hor.

IT would be thought a very trifling Undertaking, ſhould one produce all the Arguments he could think on, to prove that Man is Mortal; that from the moſt ſublime State of humane Grandeur, to the moſt abject Condition among Men, none can eſcape the vulgar Lot of Humanity; but muſt all promiſcuouſly fall by the impartial and irreſiſtible Arm of the King of Terror, DEATH: *For Duſt thou art, and unto Duſt thou ſhalt return*, ſays the Author of our Being: I ſay it would be look'd on as a very trifling Undertaking, to endeavour to prove theſe things; ſince the common Offices of Life we daily perform, as eating, drinking, ſleeping, *&c.* and even our uſual Forms of Salutation are a perpetual *memento mori*, as a paſſing Bell inceſſantly ſounding in our Ears; and for that there's ſcarcely a Day paſſes, but exhibits ocular Demonſtrations of the Brevity and Fragility of humane Life.

Theſe Things we all know; and happy, thrice happy were we, if the Conſideration of our Mortality, and ſhort abode here, had its proper effect on our Conduct, ſo that our Lives might be ſuch as becomes Perſons who profeſs to believe a future, and eternal State of Happineſs and Miſery, after this ſhort Life is ended; where the Souls of the Faithful, after they are delivered from the Burden of the Fleſh, are in Joy and Felicity; and where the vicious and profane, who live without God in this World, ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting Deſtruction from the Preſence of the Lord, and from the Glory of his Power.

But alas! the Stupidity of mortal Men! we live as tho' we were actuated, and influenc'd by Sentiments diametrically oppoſite to our Profeſſion; as tho' all our Views terminated within this Sphere of Mortality, and here we were to have our unchangeable Abode. ---- And ſo far are we from meditating, as we ought, on the great Change, which daily may happen to us, that terrible Moment, that will ere long fix a Period to this State of Being, and determine us happy, or miſerable to all Eternity; that even at this Time of uncommon Mortality, they are few, very few, who are concern'd for Appearances, when they aſſiſt at the funeral Solemnities of their departed Neighbours. We ſit on theſe tragical Occaſions, with the ſame ſupine Air as tho' we were in the Tavern; and, with much the ſame Gaiety of Countenance, or Solicitude, talk of the trifling Pleaſures, and Concerns of this Life; little thinking that perhaps To-morrow we may be extended in the Coffin, a cold inanimated Lump of Clay, as gaſtly an Object of Mortality, as now our departed Brother.

'Tis true the Death of near Relations, and intimate Friends; of Perſons we highly eſteem, or have any Dependance on, is apt to make ſomewhat deeper Impreſſion upon our Minds; to open our Eyes, for a while, and let us ſee that we are deceived by meer Appearances, walk as in a fairy Round, and diſquiet ourſelves in vain: That were there ſomething of Reality in the Enjoyments of this World, yet they are not worth our Care, ſince we ſhall ere long, tho' with never ſo great Reluctance, leave them & this World together; and that therefore we ought to regard this Life only as a Pilgrimage, and ourſelves as Strangers, and Pilgrims paſſing thro' This in queſt of another Country, *the City that has Foundations whoſe Builder and Maker is God*; where we expect to be admitted to the Participation of thoſe rational and ſincere Pleaſures, which are the Entertainment of bleſſed Angels, *and Spirits of juſt Men made perfect.* -- This, or ſomething like this, is our way of Thinking on ſuch Occaſions: But no ſooner is the Cloud of Sorrow, which the ſhocking Object raiſed on our Minds, diſpell'd, than all theſe Thoughts vaniſh alſo; and we regard all the wiſe and pious Reſolutions form'd under the Influence thereof, as ſo many Obligations entered into by one under Reſtraint and Coercion. -- The mournful Penitent ſoon reſumes his wonted Air, and with renew'd Vigour, and his uſual Aſſiduity applies himſelf to the Affairs of his Profeſſion, Plantation, or Merchandize, or the Pleaſures and trifling Amuſements that heretofore

heretofore engroſſed his Time, and excluded the Thoughts of *Eternity*.

In ſhort, the Conduct of the far greater part of the *Profeſſors of the Faith of Chriſt* would make one believe, we are now in the *Dregs of Time*, and that ere long we are to look for the Diſſolution not only of our own Bodies, but of the whole Syſtem of viſible Things alſo, in order to the tremendous Appearing of the Son of God to judge the World; *When the Son of Man cometh*, ſaith our Lord, *ſhall he find Faith on the Earth?* and theſe in Reality ſeem to be Days of finiſh'd *Infidelity*; netiher is there any other way, ſo well, to account for the prepoſterous Preference which Men give to the Affairs of this ſhort Life, before thoſe of Eternity, as the general Decay or want of Faith in the Promiſes, and Threatnings of the Goſpel.

Were this the caſe of the unthinking part of Mankind only, who have little power of Reflection, or Forecaſt; their Stupidity might in ſome Meaſure account for it. But when Men of bright Genius, and admirable Dexterity in the Management of their ſecular Affairs, who are found on all Occaſions to ſuit their Application to each, as 'tis of more or leſs Importance to them; when ſuch Men as theſe, I ſay, neglect the Affairs of the other World, and wholly give themſelves up to this; they tell the World as effectually as tho' they in ſo many Words ſaid it, *That they believe nothing of a future State.*

When *Sylla* was adviſed to ſecure himſelf, by privately abandoning his Camp, and leaving his Men to ſtand the Shock of *Jugurtha*'s Arms; He anſwered; *Animo feroci, &c.* (ſays *Saluſt*) *That tho' he were ſure of inſtant Deſtruction, he would remain upon the Place, nor ever by ſhameful Flight betray thoſe brave Men, he had the Honour to command, to ſave a Life ſhort at beſt, and which perhaps in a few Days after, might periſh by ſome loathſome Diſeaſe.* An Anſwer, and Reſolution worthy that brave and wiſe Nation, and flow'd from the Principle that made them Lords of the Univerſe, a Thirſt of immortal Glory; in compariſon whereof the *Roman* thought Life an inſignificant Trifle.— And is it to be imagin'd that the ſame Man who riſqu'd his Life againſt the Hopes of an imaginary Immortality in the Memory of Poſterity; if he had liv'd in the Time of Chriſtianity, and believ'd the Goſpel, would not have regarded the Things of this World, which ſoon will paſs away, as Droſs and Dung in reſpect of the ſubſtantial Immortality, *that exceeding abundant Weight of Glory reſerved in Heaven for ſuch as by patient Continuance in well-doing ſeek for it!* ---- Neither can it be thought but a *Chriſtian*, who has as lively a Senſe of, and firm a Perſuaſion of the Reality and tranſcendent Grandeur of the celeſtial Glory, as the *Roman* had of military Glory, and the Shame of baſe Cowardice, will eaſily contemn all that in this Life engages our Purſuits, and with an Ardor ſuitable to the Greatneſs of the Danger he would avoid, and the Prize he has in View, preſs forward *thro' Honour and Diſhonour; thro' evil Report, and good Report; thro' Labours, Watchings, Faſtings, Wounds and Death, towards the Mark of his high Calling.*

Our Correſpondent muſt excuſe our leaving the Remainder of his Diſcourſe till the next Paper.

London, Aug. 5. Mr. Thomas Radley, who was lately ſtabbed in the Belly ſo that part of his Melt came out, which was cut off by Mr. Cole, an eminent Surgeon, under whoſe Care he has continued ever ſince, is now perfectly recovered, and in as good a State of Health as ever: Many curious Perſons and eminent Surgeons have been at Mr. Cole's Houſe to ſee the Melt, which is preſerved by him in Spirits; they all allow, that the Cure is as extraordinary as any that has been performed for many Years.

Abington, July 13. This Day the Aſſizes ended here, when three Perſons received Sentence of Death, one an elderly Man for killing his own Son, by ſtabbing him with a Knife.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 7.

Our River is ſtill full of driving Ice.

Laſt Monday Morning a Woman who had been long given to exceſſive Drinking, was found dead in a Room by her ſelf, upon the Floor. She could not be perſuaded to go to Bed the Night before, but would ſit up alone, as was her frequent Cuſtom. The Coroners Inqueſt aſcribe her Death to the too great Quantity of Liquor ſhe took at one Time. Her former Husband had many Times put ſeveral Sorts of odious Phyſick into her Drink, in order to give her an Averſion to it, but in vain; for who ever heard of a Sot reclaim'd? If there are any ſuch they are Miracles. People cannot be too cautious of the firſt Steps that may lead them to be engaged in a Habit the moſt invincible and the moſt pernicious of all others.

Saturday Morning laſt died *John Moore*, Eſq; Collector of his Majeſty's Cuſtoms for this Port, which Place he enjoy'd above 30 Years, and was eſteem'd a good Officer. He dy'd in the 74th Year of his Age.

Many elderly People die among us of the Colds, and the Pleuriſy has taken off ſeveral Young People lately. This Week an old Man and his Wife died within a few Hours together.

Buried in the ſeveral Burying-Grounds of this City in a Week paſt:

Church	4.	Baptiſts			1.
Quakers	7.	Strangers	Whites		1.
Presbyterians	1.		Blacks		4.

Advertiſements.

WHereas *Ann*, the Wife of *Samuel Farra*, Mariner, of *Philadelphia*, hath eloped from her ſaid Husband, This is to warn all Perſons not to credit her on his Account, for he will not pay any Debts ſhe ſhall contract after the Publication hereof: And thoſe who are indebted to him are alſo warn'd not to pay any thing to her, for if they do, they will be oblig'd to pay it over again.

Decem. 7. 1732. *Samuel Farra.*

RUN *away the* 26*th of November from* Daniel Cook, *of Back Creek at the Head of* Bohemia Manor, *a Servant Man named* Robert Sentry *alias* Perkins, *of a coarſe red Complexion, large Stature, fair curled Hair. Has on an old Beaver Hat, torn and ſtitched with white Thread, two ſhort Sailors Jackets, one of them patched with tarr'd Canvas; a light grey linſey-wolſey Coat, lin'd with the ſame, with braſs Buttons; a pair of Drawers, old Trowſers, and leather Spatterdaſhes, pretty good Shoes and grey yarn Stockins. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant ſo that he may be had again, ſhall have* Three Pounds *Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by* Daniel Cook.

LAtely *arrived from* London, *a Man who turns all Sorts of Turning in Hard Wood, as Coffee-Mills, Pepper Boxes, Punch Bowls, Mortars, Sugar Boxes, &c. in the beſt Manner. He works at the Shop of* William Morgan *over againſt the Three Tuns in Cheſnut Street.*

BIBLES, Teſtaments, Pſalters, Pſalm-Books, Accompt-Books, Pocket-Books, Bills of Lading bound and unbound, Common Blank Bonds for Money, Bonds with Judgment, Counterbonds, Arbitration Bonds, Arbitration Bonds with Umpirage, Bail Bonds, Counterbonds to ſave Bail harmleſs, Bills of Sale, Powers of Attorney, Writs, Summons, Apprentices Indentures, Servants Indentures, Penal Bills, Promiſory Notes, &c. all the Blanks in the moſt authentick Forms, and correctly printed; may be had of the Publiſher of this Paper; who performs all other Sorts of Printing at reaſonable Rates.

PHILADELPHIA: Printed by B. FRANKLIN, at the New Printing-Office near the Market. *Price* 10 *s.* a Year.

Where Advertiſements are taken in, and BOOK-BINDING is done reaſonably, in the beſt Manner.